flow's a man to write a sonnet, can you How's he going to weave the dim poetic spell-

When a-toddling on the floor Is the muse he must adore, And this muse he loves, not wisely, but too well.

One must always be as quiet as a mouse, But to write one seems to me Quite superfluous to be, When you've got a little sonnet in the

Now to write a sonnet, overyone allows,

Just a dainty little poem, true and fine, That is full of love and life in every line, Barnest, delicate and sweet, Altogether so complete

That I wonder what's the use of writing

-Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL. ***************

9 MR IS morning. The rising sun just tops the crest of that portion of the Appalachian chain of mountains between the northern and southern boundaries of the State of Kentucky, tinging its peaks and crags with a grayish vagueness. From every ravine and gorge huge clouds of smokelike mist arise, assuming wondrously odd and fantastic forms in the uncertain light. The stillness engendered by the natural environments and the time of day is unbroken save now and then by the far-off bay of a foxbound floating faintly from some mountaineer's cabin, or the whistle of a dove's wings ins it files swiftly by to the sedge fields.

The sun climbs higher, and conscious of its might, drives back to earth the quenching mists. The rear guard shadows of the night are mysteriously disappearing The smoke of numerous cabin chimneys can now be distinguished rising in curling columns of blue. Along the rutty clay road, or rather mountain path, and hugging the wormeaten rail fence for safety a red fox slinks under cover of the alder bushes, his whiskers and brush bristling with pendant drops of early morning dew. A mother quall and her brood, that have been pluming their feathers on a topmost rall, with an affrighted whirr fly to cover.

Presently a soldier in his uniform comes galloping furiously down the road; he passes at full speed; the sound of his steed's hoof beats grow fainter, and silence for a few minutes again reigns, only to be broken by a dozen or more men in uniforms of the other side, who break cover and also come down the road like mad; their horses reeking with sweat and blood. The first man, farther down where the road forks, has turned to the right; these others take the left-hand branch. In a few moments shots are heard, and presently a horse, the one ridden by the first man, comes galloping back to be met and caught by a slim, dark-eyed mountain girl, who comes suddenly out of the bushes from somewhere. She stands there holding the bridle reins in her right hand; the left is pressed hard against her heart as if to ward off an unseen blow. Her eyes stony in their intensity, look off far up the valley to a break in the mountains, where God's good morning displays its brightest rays. Her gaze finally turns slowly to the pursuers, who at sound of the shots have ridden back to the forks, and catching sight of the girl and the horse comes excitedly up the road toward

Bob Jordan's darter," says one of them.

"Jes' es I thought," laconically replies he, who appears to be in command. "The pesky critter 's got warnin' frum sum'ers, or he'd bin'r gone fawn skin afore now. Whut air you adoin' heah at this time o' day?" he demands of her. For the first time the girl seems to take full notice of their presence.

"Did ye heah whut I sed?" he demands more commandingly.

is uv your'n?" she replies, turning to him defiantly.

"Ain't er body got a good right ter go whar they please 'thout bein' stopped bout hit by er lot ov big, cowardly men? Ef you air erbliged ter know tho', I'm er going down to Bob Blackmore's to hep his mother. She air sick in bed, an' hepless."

"Did ye mean ter ride Bob's hoss down thar? I 'low ef my eyesight ain't er failin' me, that that air is his critter. Whar's Bob now?" he con-

dinued coaxingly. "I don't know nuthin' 'bout him. Ef you'uns want ter find him, you'd bet-

ter look fer him." "Whar'd you git his critter, then?"

breaks in one impatiently. "I stopped him in ther road, right

heah, es I come from down ther path thar. The critter wuz comin' lopin' up, when I run out an' headed him off." After parleying a few moments, the spokesman again turns to her.

"We'uns think thet more'n likely ye wuz tellin' ther truth jest now." he wentures. "Spechully es ye air a memher uv ther church, and your daddy wuz, too, an' er elder besides. Sissy,' he insinuates, "nobody ever heerd tell uv your tellin' no lie afore. Which way did ye say ther critter wuz kummin' frum?" She looks him steadily in the

face. "That way," she says, indicating with a wave of her hand the opposite direc-"Ther Lord fergive me," she mentally pleaded, "fer tellin' ur lie fer

"Thet won't do, Sissy. We'uns jes kum thet air way ourselves, right after him. We'uns had better look fer him right er-round heah, I reckin. I hear

THE POET AND THE BABY. [| whar thar's enny petticoats er-round | you marry me?" She hides her face Bob Blackmore ain't fur er-way."

"You better look out fer yerself," she scornfully replies. "He'un is mighty handy with his weepins, and with his fists, too. I reckin you know thet, too, don't you, Jim Wooten? I hav heerd tell thet you an' him had er fight ter wunce, an' Bob didn't kum out no little end uv ther horn, neither."

"We'uns will fix all thet thar ef we ever git our han's on ther on'ry, goodfer-nuthin' scoundrel ergin. He'uns

ain't fitten ter live noways." "He's er sight mo' fitten than you air," she breaks in hotly. "He's allus bin er hard-workin', sober man, an' taken keer uv his mammy; sumpin you never done. 'Sides thet, he's er gentleman, an' allus minded his own business. Do you'uns call this wah?" she demands with rising vehemence. "Too cowardly ter go way frum home an' fight yerselves, but lay round heah an' take everything ennybody's got left. An' soon's somebody-that's Bob Blackmore-who's fightin' fer his side heahs his maw's sick, an' slips off ter kum an' see her, ter houn' him like er dog an' try ter kill him. Hit's jes cause he's better'n you air."

The faint winding of a horn down the road arrests their attention, and hurriedly mounting their horses they ride off, one calling back to her:

"We've got him, Sissy. Thet's Tom Winburn. I tole him ter kum up ther road, so's to head him off an' meet we'uns heah."

The pursuers proceeded down the right-hand road beyond the forks, from whence the shots seemed to have come, where the road makes a sudden dip into a dry ravine. Down there a man lies still in death, his cheek pressed heavily against the delicate ferns that grow luxuriantly out of the cool shadows. The trees meeting overhead almost exclude the light, but now and then a recreant bough, straying from its place through bidding of the gentle morning breeze, lets in a feeble ray of sunshine that touches up the dead man's face with a pallid coloring. The nodding ferns caress his pale cheek in yain. The morning songsters sing their lays to unhearing ears. The plues and hemlocks mingling their foliage with the poplars, and bowing their good mornings to the beeches and young hickories, sough in vain to arouse or soothe the sleeper. He will never again take cognizance of earthly things, nor inhale the beauty and vitality of his native mountains-his spirit has gone before the last tribunal. A round hole in the center of his forehead shows where the messenger of death has entered, bringing its inevitable summons. His slouch hat lies where it has fallen a few feet away, his right hand still clutches a pistol, his finger within the guard and grasping the trigger. His garb is the same as they wear who find him.

He had sought unfairly to take human life, and with his own had paid the penalty. Coming from farther down the mountain to meet his comrades and seeing the fugitive he had ridden aside into the ravine, intending to slay him unawares as he passed. But he had seen the interceptor, and was prepared, and as the other fired at him going by he too had fired in return. and slew him. It was but a moment's work to exchange his steed for the fresher one of the dead man and ride furiously forward again. The horse deserted, frightened at the realization of something wrong and scared at sight of the dead man, gallops back to be met and caught by the girl.

But now, heartbroken, overwhelmed and frightened at sight of the inanimate body they shortly bring up the road toward her she flees stricken and crushed, thinking it to be the other one. And thus it is for days and long weary days, until by chance she learns the truth.

The war's over. Another bright like beefsteak. morning. A man rides leisurely up the road; where it forks he catches sight of a woman's form sitting on a fallen tree, where she has evidently stopped flamed in fair weather, but they did to rest.

the sound of her name the girl looks up quickly, and then as quickly down But it was very different in damp, "I'd like to know what consarn that again, a flush surmounting her usually colorless cheeks.

"Mawnin', Bob," she quietly responds. "We 'lowed up ter our house es how maybe you'uns had forgot us. in ther road and pestered ter death How's your maw?" quickly changing the subject.

"Hit did look bad in my not erkummin' ter see you all afore now," he rejoins, ignoring the last question. "But I had ter kinder straighten up around home a bit afore I got out much."

"I thaut you wuz killed wunce, Bob," she ventures by way of further conversation. Instantly he dismounts, leaving his horse standing in the road, and goes up and sits down beside her. "Why did you'uns think that?" he

"I wuz ergoin' down ter your maw's an' stopped your critter in the road up thar that time, an' then they brought he'un that wuz killed, an'-an'-" she could go no further at recollection of her misery.

"An' did you keer, Sissy?" he asks, leaning eagerly forward.

"You warn't dead," she protests. "Well, then uv ther fac' that you

thaut I wuz dead?" She answers him nothing. A few dry leaves flutter in the autumn air and fall at their feet. A wild grape vine nods its approval and swings in the breeze, and the branches of the trees overhead rustle with the gambols of a young fox squirrel. A flame-crested woodpecker files to a dead pine and begins plugging unmolestedly away. He puts his arm around her and draws her

to him. "Who writ that thar note, then, Sissy, that wuz shoved under ther door that night ter warn me? You will tell me that, won't ye? An' who tuck keer of my mammy when she wuz sick? Sissy, tell," he said for the girl's benefit, "thet | honey"-the arm draws tighter-"won't

against his breast. "You air shore good at axin' questions. Bob," she says, "an' I love ye."-

INHERITED DISEASES.

Louisville Times.

Care May Prevent Transmission from

Parent to Child. The question of heredity, or the transmission of certain mental traits or physical characteristics from parents priately labeled as fulfilling all the conto children, is one that has been much studied, but of which as yet too little sure good luck to the wearer of the is known. Formerly the inheritance of charm. disease was believed in implicitly, by physicians as well as by laymen, and the list of maladies to which children were supposed to be almost inevitably condemned by the accident of birth

was a very long one. Among these hereditary diseases were reckoned consumption and scrofula, leprosy, gout, rheumatism, goitre, cancer, insanity, epilepsy and many other nervous affections. As we learn more about these maladies, however, one after another of them is removed wholly or in part from this category and placed among the acquired dis-

inherited, but their number is certainly not large. Many diseases run in famllies, but are not on that account necessarily hereditary.

Consumption, for example, was only recently regarded as one of the most surely inherited diseases, and is still believed by many to be so. But we now know that it is a germ disease, which, while not "catching" in the ordinary sense of the word, is readily transmitted from the sick to the well when the invalid is careless in his hablts, especially as regards expectoration. It is also acquired more readily by those of delicate constitution than by the robust.

The children of consumptive parents are seldom robust, and so are predisposed to any of the germ diseases, and living constantly in a house where the germs of consumption are necessarily abundant, they are very likely to become victims of that disease.

This is an important fact. It teaches as that since, as a rule, only the predisposition to the family disease is inherited, and not the disease Itself, the chances of the younger generation's escaping, if proper care is used, are very great.

The bringing up of a child in a consumptive family should be of a specially hygienic character. The best of foods, of fresh air and sunlight, not too much study, long hours of sleep in a well-ventilated room and, as far as possible, avoidance of exposure to the contagion of the family malady-these are the weapons by which the malign influence of inherited weakness of constitution may be overcome and many precious lives saved .- Youth's Com-

DRY CLIMATE OF THE ARCTIC.

Wounds Sometimes Heal Rapidly in It-Meats Do Not Become Putrid.

One of the American consuls in Germany has forwarded to the State Department a report made by Dr. Rowitz. the physician of the German Fisheries Society, who spent four months in the Arctic last year, on some climatic conditions of that region. He made some interesting discoveries concerning the putrefaction processes and the healing of wounds. His steamer arrived at Bear Island in the beginning of July. Fish caught on the voyage and dried in the Norwegian fashion showed not a trace of putridity as long as the air remained dry and clear. Even the natural fishy smell disappeared. Walrus meat caught on the Island and left exposed on the rocks kept perfectly fresh and sweet. It tasted, by the way, much

Wounds on the hands, though exposed to the contact of iron chains and bloody walrus flesh, did not become in-"Mawnin', Miss Sissy," he says. At wounds. They remained raw, open wounds. The surface gradually dried, but showed no tendency to form a scab. cloudy weather.

Then fish, though already almost dry, soon became moldy and putrescent. The walrus meat also soon became offensive.

Shoes had to be kept well oiled to prevent molding. The slightest wounds festered at once. In some cases the pain was so intense as to make the hardy sailors writhe in agony. But, after lancing these wounds healed rapidly, sometimes in one night.

In dry and germ-free air, therefore, there was neither inflammation nor a tendency to heal, while in moist, germladen air intense inflammation and profuse suppuration were quickly followed by complete healing.

It would seem as if the system made no effort to heal wounds except when the presence of bacteria makes them specially dangerous.

New Industry in Florida.

The cultivation of the camphor tree in Florida has been so successful that this section promises to be a formidable competitor with the far east. In China, Japan and Formosa but a small portion now remain owing to the wasteful methods of obtaining the gum from the trees, which in many cases were cut down entirely. In Florida, on the other hand, it has been found that camphor could be produced profitably from the leaves and twigs, obtaining a pound of the gum from seventy-seven pounds of the cuttings. The tree requires no fertilization and is extremely ornamental.

By Innuendo.

"Chollie is all right, but I think his cables have been cut." "Cables cut?"

"Yes. He has no intelligence."-Indianapolis Journa'.

RHYMES FOR THE WEEK.

When to Sneeze, Play, Work or Pray Outlined in Old-Time Verse. While it is true that superstition is dying out. It is also true that in many minds there lingers a little vestige of faith in bygone traditions. To find proof of this one has only to enter some of the large stores and see upon the jewelry counter a display of rabbits' feet handsomely mounted, and approditions supposed to be necessary to in-

In an old book, written in the year 1639, are found some rhymes upon the days of the week which have outlived many a piece of writing more worthy of preservation. On reading some of them one somehow receives the impression that every day of the week was either a Sunday or a holiday, and that the simple folk had nothing to do but to play and rest when not engaged in prayer, an impression not borne out by the "stubborn facts" of the bardworking lives of the masses in "olden times," That Sunday was scrupulously observed is evident from the warnings of the direful consequences of cutting Undoubtedly some diseases are really the nails or even sneezing on the Sab-

You know that Munday is Sundaye's brother:

Tuesday is such another; Wednesday you must go to church and pray:

Thursday is half-holiday; On Friday it is too late to begin to spin; On Saturday is half-holiday again.

Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for

news: Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;

Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health; Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth:

Cut them on Friday, you'll cut them for Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll

Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for ovil. For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil.

> Born on Monday. Fair of face: Born on Tuesday, Full of God's grace: Born on Wednesday, Merry and glad: Born on Thursday, Sour and sad; Born on a Friday, Godfy given; Born on Saturday, Work for a living: Born on a Sunday, Never shall want: So there's the week, And the end on't.

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger; Sneeze on a Tuesday, you'll kiss a stranger;

Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for n letter: Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better; Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow:

Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow; Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek, The devil will have you for the whole

of the week. New York Tribune.

"Forgettin" The night when last I saw my lad His eyes were bright and wet. He took my two hands in his own, "'Tis well," says be, "we're met Asthore machree! the like o' me I bid ye now forget."

Ah, sure the same's a triffin' thing,

Tis more I'd do for him!

I mind the night I promised well, Away on Ballandim-An' every little while or so I thry forgettin' Jim. It shouldn't take that long to do,

An' him not very tall: "Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice, A boy that's out o' call-An' whiles I see him stand as plain As e'er a six-foot wall. Och, never fear, my jewel!

I'd forget ye now this minute,

O' the way I should begin it:

If I only had a notion

But first and last it isn't known The heap o' throuble in it. Myself began the night ye went An' hasn't done it yet; I'm nearly fit to give it up, For where's the use to fret?-An' the morning's fairly spoilt on me

Wid mindin' to forget. -London Spectator.

"Mighty Rich." A writer in the Outlook describes a ride he once took with an old farmer in a New England village, during which some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism.

Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I said: "He is a man of means? "Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he

hasn't got much money, but he's mighty rich." "He has a great deal of land, then?"

I asked.

"No, sir, he hasn't got much land, either, but he is mighty rich." The old farmer, with a pleased smile,

observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained: "You see, he hasn't got much money,

and he hasn't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he isn't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors; his word is as good as his bond, and every man, woman and child in the own looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he hasn't got much land, but he's a mighty rich man, because he's got all he wants,"

A HUMAN LADDER.



partment reach a high window when the

FROM ACTRESS TO NEWS GIRL

Sorrowful Change in the Life of Palma Schroder.

From the footlights, where a few seasons ago she was a favorite, Palma Schroder has descended to the ranks of the New York newsgirls. Once a queenly beauty, she is now a cripple, supported by crutches. Miss Schroder is a California girl, who first appeared on the stage in "The Streets of New York." Later she took part in other plays and was on the high road to success when, one morning, while riding her wheel to get some medicine



for her mother, who was then living rork, she was knock ed down by a trolley car, dragged the length of a block and left maimed and helpless. Her mother, also an invalid, proposed suicide, but the younger woman refused. Instead she got a bundle of papers, went on crutches to the door of the Casino, where she had once been a favorite, and took her station as a newsgirl. There she may now be found, night after night, selling her papers and eking out a scanty living for herself and her mother.



Chronic Rheumatism. This name should, according to all

medical usage, represent a continuation of an acute rheumatism in a less violent and painful form, and such cases are actually found under the name chronic rheumatism. Yet this name, as ordinarily employed, designates several affections, all of which are characterized by pains in the joints or in the muscles, which have a tendency to persist indefinitely. There is a form of chronic rheumatism which affects the patient like the acute disease, except that the symptoms are less marked; there may be no fever, the pain and soreness are less intense, the tenderness on pressure is comparatively slight, and the swelling of the joints may be scarcely noticeable. As in the acute variety, various joints are affected successively. The disease may finally become concentrated and remain fixed in a single joint. In this discuse there is but little disturbance of the general health, insufficient, indeed, to disturb the patient's avocation. Yet there are instances in which movements of the affected part cause considerable pain, and patients may be even confined to the bed. After long continuance of the disease the affected of any country in Europe.

joints may present irregular enlargements and stiffenings, while the mu cles of these limbs become small from

In many cases of acute rheumatics the severity of the pain varies extransly with the weather; so that such fadviduals are usually able to foretell by few hours, the occurrence of cold as moist weather. There is a variety of rheumatism, so called, in which the pain is felt chiefly along the leg bone, the "shins," and occurs especially at Trentment—One of the most impor-

ant features of treatment of choose rheumatism is care in wearing flame next to the skin throughout the year. The administration of drugs is by to means certain to produce beneficial a sults. Some cases are materially hear fitted by the regular employment of the hot air, or hot vapor bath, the Turks bath, etc. The fact is, that the trail ment of each case of chronic thems. tism is largely an experiment which can be successfully accomplished at ter considerable time has been spent trials of drugs and remedial meaning Among the medicines which are not frequently useful are the lodide of potassium, guinc, and cod liver a The following formula may be give: Lodide of potassium.....Five fraces Tincture of guinc,Two ourse WaterTwo on Mix, and take a tenspoonful for

Other cases will be benefited by mig coleticum with the alkalis. As cusple of such mixture is the following Wine of colchicum root One drain Bicarbonate of potassium. Three drains Rochelle saits Three drains Peppermint water Four oner

Take a tablespoonful three tinus

times a day.

The "lucky" advertiser always has pens to possess a lot of common and Profitable Advertising. For local business the local never

pers are by far the best adverting mediums.-The Ad Writer. Advertising is valuable exact h

proportion to the extent to which thing advertised is found to berre the claim made for it.-Montreal day Witness. The force and profit of adverting

consists in constantly keeping being the people your location what you him to sell, the prices at which you will sell and in religiously keeping every punise.-St. Louis Star.

Newspaper advertising is the very best "hustler" any firm can capie, going into thousands of homes in reaching people who are approachib in no other way. It is an indispusable part of every modern busines-Saginaw (Mich.) News.

The question is often asked, Why ! newspaper advertising the most pubable? And it is to be said that note! the answers have failed in giving the actual reason. The first reason is diff the newspaper advertisements follow public mind when it is in an expine tory and receptive condition. When person in his own time is reading a newspaper, he will naturally take a with the news of the outside well those facts which are of use in misagement of his home and the purha of his supplies. The second is, when seller puts his advertisement in a new paper he at once enters into open com petition with all others in the same lie of business; his facts and prices at stated with the knowledge that the will be noted by these competitors well as by the public, while the advetiser by circular or sign seems to be endeavoring to do a quiet, non-con petitive business.—Paterson (X. A

Man and Beast.

Nothing can be so terrible to an an mal as a human being. There are to when the brute seems to recognize stinctively that man belongs to a higher order of creation, and is strickes wit a feeling akin to awe in his presen

In a small African village, some year ago, there was a scare about some ards which were said to have killed number of goats. Accordingly to white men, accompanied by several b tives, set off to hunt them. Presell they found a place in the long go where it was evident that one of b brutes had recently lain, for the group

was still warm. The natives formed a ring round and the hunters got their guns res After a little while the leopard emerge from the long grass and was fired and wounded, but not fatally. Will great bound, he sprang on one of white men, and brought him to ground. Holding his victim, he turns

and growled savagely at the others. The natives gave a wild yell for fes and then, like a shot, the leops sprang away. He had not been frigo ened by the guns, but the yell terrib

The wounded hunter was ill for him. long time, and finally had to go back England, as one of his eyes was bad injured.

The Real "Flowery Kingdom" Flowers bloom in the Sandwick Is ands all the year round; therefore if believed that that country is more serving than Japan of the title, "Fis-

ery Kingdom," Ireland has the most equable clima